The
COMMONWEAL

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Goulash at the Waldorf

WE CONTINUE to follow, now amazed, now disgusted, and now dismayed, the tortuous path of the debate as to whether or not it will be possible to assist the European peoples with the coal, the transportation and the food they need if they are not to suffer perhaps beyond endurance. This week's contributions to the debate are as strange as any we have seen for a long time. On September 17 President Truman reminded us that after his return from Potsdam he had said: "If we let Europe go cold and hungry, we may lose some of the foundations of order on which the hoped-for worldwide peace must rest. We must help to the limits of our strength. And we will."

The day after the President spoke was a Tuesday (September 18). The New York *Times* gave over half a column to explaining how the Tuesday menu cards in New York hotels and restaurants were being hastily corrected, either by pen or with a rubber stamp, in order to add meats to the menu because Tuesday now is no longer a "meatless day." Some of the hotels will wait till Friday, another formerly "meatless day." "The Pennsylvania Hotel will stand pat today on calf's liver, sweetbreads, veal kidneys, sea food and poultry." At Child's "roast lamb will vie with sirloin of beef." The Waldorf-Astoria surprisingly had selected beef goulash.

That is one way we are "helping to the limits of our strength."

We realize, of course, that it does not matter who eats what at the Waldorf. The trouble is not one of shortage. Here is Professor Henry Keller, Jr., of Rutgers pointing out that this country produced this year a vegetable and fruit crop sufficient to feed 200,000,000 people. This creates what to us is an unsuspected difficulty: "the population of the United States cannot eat this amount of food and be healthy." What can we do about that? Well, says Professor Keller, "If some of it is being moved abroad for the Army, UNRRA and other relief agencies, then the food *can be absorbed fairly easily* [our italics] and prices will stay at a fairly decent level." If there still remains any difficulty about absorbing the food there are always the pills they advertise on the radio.

No, what prevents our yielding to our great compassion for the unhappy men and women of Europe is not a shortage. President Truman has found out what it is and he tells us: "The limiting factor in meeting the minimum needs of the liberated peoples is no longer one of shipping. For the moment, in the case of most commodities, it is no longer a problem of supply. Today it is primarily a twofold financial problem, first, to work out credits or other financial arrangements with the European governments; second, to make additional funds available to UNRRA for emergency relief. This government is bending every effort to find solutions to this problem. . . ."

There you have it. On one hand we want to get rid of food in order to keep up prices here; on the other hand we want to be paid for the food we get rid of.

It seems to us that perhaps the essential is being forgotten. And this is not where we start off into the passage about the love man should have for man; and this is not where we start saying again that Americans will not be happy in the long run if the peoples of Europe are in misery; this is where we go back to Mr. Truman's post-Potsdam declaration, to the part about the "foundations of order on which the hoped-for worldwide peace must rest."

We can make the most perfect arrangements for long term credits if we take enough time to make them. The trouble is that any arrangements we make presuppose the continued existence of the peoples (not to speak of the governments) with whom they are made.

If the people of Europe are engaged in rioting at the moment payment under the perfect arrangements falls due, the payment obviously will not be made.

If the peoples of Europe, weakened by an unnecessarily protracted season of suffering, become incapable of work or "order," they will make such an end to peace—the peace that has not even started—that no arrangements of any kind will retain the slightest meaning.

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Moscow and the Vatican

THE Warsaw Government's recent scrapping of the 1925 Concordat with the Vatican is clearly a reflection of Russian animosity toward the Church. It is easy enough to account for this animosity in melodramatic terms as arising from communist hatred of Christianity—except as communism can use Christianity to further its own ends. In the early days of the Russian Revolution so simple an analysis would not have been far from the truth. And the Vatican has always made it clear that it could not come to terms with the specific atheistic communism which was the ideal of the Old Bolsheviks. But now, with its basic Marxism so seriously modified, it would be by no means impossible for the Soviet Government to come to a *modus vivendi* with the Vatican —were it not for two aspects of Soviet policy which every honest observer who is not himself a partisan of the Kremlin finds odious. These aspects of Russian policy are, first, the obstruction of the passage of information from Russian-held territory to the rest of the world and, second, the deliberate and conscious assumption that the whole world is divided into two species of men—all men fitting, without exception, into one category or the other—those who are trying to erect a statue in honor of the glorious Socialist Fatherland and those who are trying to tear that statue down.

As long as Russia had substantially no Catholics living within its territories, the first of these policies had little practical effect upon relations with the Vatican. But now that Russia has absorbed several million people owing spiritual allegiance to Rome the practical effect is tremendous. For it is of the essence of the Catholic Church that it is one and united, and it is impossible for this to be true if Catholic bishops are not free to communicate privately and fully with the Holy See.

The second policy forces Russia to regard as her enemy any organization the members of which have been freely critical of Russia in the past and will continue to be freely critical in the future. It is perfectly human and understandable that Russia should not like uninformed criticism and malicious enmity. But the policy to which we allude goes much further than objecting to such things. It involves accepting on the level of human relations a formula which was devised to describe the relations between man and his Creator: "He who is not with Me is against Me." Be it said in all fairness that the Russians are not the first to have committed the blasphemy of associating themselves with the Divinity in adapting this formula to human relationships. Be it said that certain Catholic politicians (far less excusably since they could not claim ignorance) have done the same thing. Yet the attitude remains not only blasphemous but terribly dangerous to the peace and prosperity of mankind. Obviously so long as the authorities in Moscow insist on utter subservience from everyone, they cannot come to any terms with the Holy See. And the lengths to which they carry this insistence are in no way better shown than in the recent concerted attack in the communist press on THE COMMONWEAL. A great many of our non-Catholic readers whose views are very definitely to the Left have objected to our policy with regard to Russia on the ground that it was too friendly, not critical enough. Yet because we have sought fairly to analyze what we believe to be the true state of affairs in Russia, we are viewed by the partisans of Russia as utterly despicable—and apparently far more dangerous than those who are frankly and totally anti-Russian.

Profoundly as we regret the present attitude of Moscow toward the Vatican, and deeply as we object to the aspects of Russian policy described in these paragraphs, we shall continue to try to deepen our analysis of Russian affairs in the hope that thereby we may contribute to a better understanding between our two countries and, in the end, to the elimination of those in fact unnecessary aspects of Russian policy which make it very nearly impossible for good relations between Russia and the rest of the world to be founded on mutual respect and tolerance.

Explosion in Detroit

THERE are two points of view from which one may look at the industrial strife now coming to the surface in Detroit. There is the point of view of justice and the point of view of power. In justice the auto workers are clearly entitled to higher rates of wages. While the war continued, overtime and doubletime added so substantially to the men's "take-home" that they and their families could live without any greater difficulties than the rest of us. But now, with the straight forty-hour week, this is no longer the case. A simple example will suffice to show how this works. Suppose a man's hourly rate is $1.00—and this would be above the average in the auto industry. If he worked 55 hours, his pay before deductions would be $62.50. But now, without overtime or doubletime, his pay *before deductions* would be $40.00. Undoubtedly a single man can live on this; at present prices a family cannot. Moreover the manufacturers can afford some increase in wages without increases in prices, since the war has effected remarkable technological advances which substantially cut down the amount of labor expended on the finished product. This, very simply stated, is what the problem boils down to.

But the strategy on both sides is dictated by the simple facts of power. The auto workers'

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union is a big union—the biggest in the world. But it is not a powerful union because it is young and has not piled up any large cash reserves. In fact during its last fiscal year it spent more than it took in. Furthermore, it is suffering a tremendous loss of membership as the wartime aviation industry dries up. Desperately it needs to hold those of its members who will continue employed —and that means the workers in the automobile industry. But if it cannot perform for these men the elementary function of obtaining a living wage, it will not hold their loyalty, and they inevitably will wildcat. Hence, from the UAW's point of view, a showdown now is mandatory.

Nothing could fit in better with the power position of the auto manufacturers. Never have they been better off financially. They have piled up handsome reserves during the war years, and they are in line for tax rebates of tremendous size—especially if their profits from operations go *down*. In plain language, they can live off their fat for *several years* without producing a single car. Of course such a possibility is unthinkable; no government could allow it, for it would totally wreck our economy. But the mere existence of that possibility is a tremendously powerful weapon in the hands of the companies. (Note the swiftness with which Ford shut down his plants when certain parts were cut off by the Kelsey-Hayes strike.) Obviously here is a major and immediate headache for Washington—one which we have long foreseen, and one which must be promptly cured. Moreover the choice of the cure should be dictated by the public interest, and not by fear of the preponderant economic might of the big manufacturers.

Monsignor Ryan

IT IS difficult to conceive of a more fruitful life than that of Monsignor John A. Ryan. He was a Dakota farm boy who made good. And his distinguished career was focused on the well-being of his fellow-men. In order to secure a publisher for his first book, forty years ago, entitled significantly enough, "A Living Wage," he had as a young priest to pay his publisher for the plates. The book went through several American editions and was translated into a number of foreign languages.

To list all Monsignor Ryan's achievements would be an impossible task, particularly as his influence continues in the courses and institutions which he established and in a number of able younger disciples. He was universally recognized as the foremost American exponent of the economic democracy recommended in the major social encyclicals. "Distributive Justice," his best known book, was published in 1916. Three years later he wrote for the American bishops of the National Catholic War Council what they accepted as their justly famous and extremely forward-looking program of 1919. In the course of thirteen years teaching at the Seminary in St. Paul Monsignor Ryan brought social and economic questions into the teaching of moral theology with such success that he was instrumental in bringing it about that practically all seminaries training candidates for the priesthood in this country included courses in economics and sociology. He himself wrote the Minnesota Minimum Wage Law, which served as a model for similar legislation in other states.

Then there were his thirty years in Washington at the Catholic University and Trinity College and as Director of the NCWC Social Action Department, where he labored unceasingly for the realization of the twelve proposals comprising the Bishops' program of 1919. By 1941 he was able to state that all but two of the original twelve proposals had to some extent been realized in this country.

Monsignor Ryan's devotion to the social question did not prevent him from exerting his influence in allied fields as needs arose. He was active in the American Civil Liberties Union, and adamant in his opposition to prohibition. He was a strong supporter of the New Deal and an outspoken adversary of Father Coughlin. He was one of the pillars of the Catholic Association for International Peace.

From the outset Monsignor Ryan was greatly interested in THE COMMONWEAL. Articles in early issues dealt with fascism, Church and State, "Unprotected Natural Rights," unemployment, high wages, and William Jennings Bryan. His last article, "An Assault upon Democracy," was published in these pages less than a year ago. Besides the many articles and reviews which he sent in to THE COMMONWEAL down through the years Monsignor Ryan maintained close personal relations with both past and present editors. He was always ready with advice, encouragement and material assistance. The present staff is keenly aware of our great loss.

In his latter years, at least, Monsignor Ryan was extremely matter-of-fact as a speaker. But he had his own dry humor and quiet wit. He manifested unshaken conviction that his own analysis of a problem was the only analysis possible. So matter of fact was he that hearers who did not know him well had a feeling at times that he lacked personal magnetism—an impression which is belied by the intense personal devotion he inspired in his students at the Catholic University and in other disciples. Once he stood virtually alone as the champion of a living wage for the American working man; when he died men of all persuasions publicly recognized that his struggle for justice had been eminently successful. May he rest in peace!

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*The Returning Soldiers**

Mistrust of what they tell about Europe

C. G. Paulding

THEY TALK so much the ones that talk; they never want to see England again or France or Italy; they do not like the French or the Italians or the Russians or the British; the ones that talk, the ones that get themselves interviewed; the ones that come back and tell you about France and all there is to say is that you get gypped in France and tell you about England and all there is to say is that they do not like England, and tell you about Italy and all there is to say is how the bootblacks sell their sisters.

When they were in danger, whether they talked or not, nearly all of them were wonderful. Perhaps a lot of those that talk too much were wonderful in danger, when there was fighting, or in England when there were air raids, and certainly in North Africa when they were just finding out what war was like; and now they are coming back to America and there is no way to tell who was wonderful and who was not; you can assume that they all were wonderful under fire and in danger; and then you can tell those who talk too much to shut up anyway. No matter how wonderful they were at one time, somewhere. Because after the fighting was ended they became incurious, dissatisfied tourists. You do not have to listen to a returning tourist unless he interests you, unless he has something useful to report, unless he is trained to report and is perceptive. Otherwise he brings you nothing at all that you do not know. He brings you a great deal that you know to be false.

Those of the returning soldiers who talk too much are bringing us false generalizations about various peoples of Europe. They are creating a picture of the peoples of Europe based on their personal complaints. Well paid, well fed, well clothed they traveled among suffering and exhausted peoples and they came back to tell us how painful it was to pay too much for things they did not need. Surrounded by people who had no longer the heart to play they looked everywhere for playgrounds; having won the war they expected the peoples of Europe to amuse them. The peoples of Europe were sour and bitter and tired; those of the American soldiers who talk too much looked at them and were not amused.

There is, of course, the American soldier who is coming back with a wonderful secret about which he will not talk and cannot talk. A secret that he does not even remember as a secret because there was only the stone wall surrounding the house and the grounds; there were white small flowers growing on a vine on the wall and then through the wrought iron gateway he saw the drive leading to the house, circling a lawn—a secret revelation—even to himself—a secret and sudden awareness of ordered calm. So that for him there will be a French country house (as from a cliff seeing the ocean for the first time) and when his comrades abuse France he will be silent. There is the American soldier who, because the simplest words, the word dear, the word darling sounded so extraordinarily novel in a Manchester, a Liverpool voice, so tenderly inhabitual, having provoked their utterance in the front parlor, after dinner, found that the word love had an urgency it had never possessed before; when the veterans speak of Britain there will be some of them with English brides. There is the American soldier who heard the thousand bells ring over Rome and walked along between the silent tombs of the Appian Way who returns counting more than the few years in man's past. There is the special case of the American Regular Army soldier who, on or off duty, knew that he was in uniform. These returning soldiers are not the ones who talk too much and, abroad, unfortunately, they could not attract attention.

The peoples of Europe were not amused by those soldiers who did mainly attract their notice, those whose search for pleasure made them the most visible of American soldiers.

There were people everywhere who had *their* American soldier, the soldier they trusted with their daughters, the soldier who drank their wine slowly, who brought them food and did not sell them food, in whom they saw our kindest traits.

*The term GI is not used in this piece, mainly because I am not sure that all soldiers like it or use it—I have never heard a Frenchman of my generation casually ask anyone if he was a *piou-piou* or a *p'tit soldat* in the last war; no Englishman ask another if he was a Tommy; no one of my acquaintance has ever asked me if I was ever a Sammy or a Yank. Possibly those terms and the current equivalents are for civilian use. Moreover some of the most brutally unjust remarks about the French, the British, the Italians that I have heard were made to me by officers. My disagreeable remarks about returning soldiers have nothing to do with rank.

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Questioning, simple, sincere, friendly. Quiet voiced. But when they went into the streets it always seemed to them that *their* American was exceptional and so they said we do not like Americans but we have an American friend and we shall keep him in our memory. They wondered greatly about the others. They heard constantly about the others. They were all over everywhere taking up a great deal of room. You saw them everywhere and sometimes you saw them making trouble and you heard a great deal about the trouble they made which you did not see. People were always telling about the trouble they made.

There is a dossier being gathered together of criminal acts committed by American soldiers abroad. We are not concerned with that dossier. The soldiers of any army abroad anywhere furnish the facts of rape, theft and murder for that file. But there is a dossier immensely larger which no one will ever collect. It would be made up of a sad, stupid, banal collection of ugly incidents.

We did not hear much about them in America because the army censorship did not think they made pleasant reading and so the correspondents did not file. When soldiers were selling whole truckloads of gasoline at a time, that was a crime; it hindered the armies; it was reported. When soldiers come out of the PX in Paris with chocolate bars and cigarettes and sit at a café terrace a block away and bargain with passersby holding up their fingers to count, it is not reported; it simply is ugly. When a sentry is drunk on duty he is court martialed; when a soldier throws up all over a Paris subway nothing happens at all; it simply is ugly. It is ugly to see, to look at. When a soldier cannot tell whether a woman wants to talk to him or not, there is bound to follow a misunderstanding which if observed is ugly to look at. It is observed, repeatedly observable and observed. The French and the British and the Italians are tired of looking at this childish avidity to buy and to sell, tired of miscalculations in drink and in lust, tired even of the innocent throwing about of footballs and baseballs in their streets; they are tired of these soldiers loitering or exuberant now that the war is over; so tired that in turn they make their generalization about Americans and we have American soldiers hating all Europeans—except perhaps the Germans—and Europeans hating all American soldiers, and hoping only they will get out.

That is the fact. The post-victory contact between our soldiers and the population of friendly countries in Europe has not been felicitous. Already it has done immense harm. There is nothing we can write here that will make Europeans less anxious to see the last of our troops; nothing that will make our returning soldiers less happy to have seen the last of Europeans.

We can only refuse to listen to the testimony of these returning soldiers in so far as it tends to prejudice us against the peoples among whom they have been living. That is the negative action we can and must take. Because if we do not take it, our political thinking will be affected, we shall vote for men and for policies inimical to the peoples of Europe. A pragmatic reason? An urgent reason in any case if we wish to serve justice and peace, and, as it happens, the truth.

For the testimony of these men who have returned from Europe hating Europe is invalid.

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The earlier historical invasions often had more fortunate consequences than do ours. Sometimes a people would move into better lands and stay in them. Sometimes in their military wanderings they would find a people who had spices, or who painted pictures, or who dressed their women in pearls; sometimes a people who possessed nothing but an agreeable vegetable or who had the secret of a pleasantly colored dye; the returning soldiers would bring samples to the local museum of commerce or natural history; soon trade would spring up, with trade routes and newly flourishing towns along the routes. Ideas, books, science, religions would travel about. But the men returning from the war in Europe are bringing us nothing of this nature no matter how many "souvenirs" they have acquired. The men returning from Europe are back from an expedition that destroyed a great deal and discovered nothing.

There was nothing to discover. They had not made a voyage of discovery. One consequence of this is that whatever they tell us, whenever they play at Marco Polo, we can check what they say against what we know. When they say the French they are a funny race it is no longer at all the way it was when Columbus came back and told the Spanish about the Caribs; the Spanish had to wait for all sorts of archeological and ethnological research accomplished only in recent years before they could measure the value of the discoverer's reports. With soldiers' reports concerning the French, the British, the Italians, it is entirely the other way about. We do not have to wait before checking, we have to look backwards at the accumulated knowledge of centuries for a truth concerning these peoples that no incident, no fever of war can destroy. Americans being the people they are, we can and must search into our own memories, our own inheritance. We knew these peoples of Europe before we knew ourselves. We knew ourselves in these peoples.

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The testimony of the soldiers returning from Europe is testimony concerning themselves; it does not concern Europe. If they complain about

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Europe as tourists do about a bad hotel, this indicates only that they do not know that this is not the season for tourists. What they say about the hotels, what they say about Europe indicates a misapprehension on their part. Nothing else. There has been a mistake. They have had a disappointing convention of the American Legion because they got on the train and went to a city recently visited by a tornado. Someone should have told them. The *Stars and Stripes,* a soldiers' not an officers' newspaper, did tell them; they were still in the army, the paper said, they had everything that the local inhabitants did not have, had nothing to complain about, and would they please stop this constant ridiculous whining.

They seem to forget, but we must not forget that Europe exists outside themselves and outside ourselves, not for their convenience nor for ours. Objectively. They seem to have a certain interest in defining Europe if only to insist that they hate it. We have an intense interest in defining Europe because it is our civilization. We should not blame them for their failure to make a more precise and satisfactory picture. They fought an immense war, they are immensely tired; wanting to get home they look at Europe as children would look at a schoolhouse in which they were detained after school. Not even with that intensity. We in America, who have not fought the war, must not accept the trivial commentary on Europe brought back by the combatants (it is enough if we accept the images of the war itself brought back by the combatants); because we have not the excuse of real fatigue we must use sounder methods; we must go to the real testimony, the real sources.

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These countries, these cities, these peoples of Europe exist in themselves but they are not inaccessible. They are as difficult to penetrate as is any other knowledge essential to the life of our spirit.

Even visually. The eye and the mind must be trained. If the clouds swiftly passing over New York are not observed to be never the same, the sunset never the same, the clouds when the darkness comes taking the light of the city; if the waters piled against the piers of the ferry slip when the ferry approaches and the engines are reversed are not remembered; if a building is a building and never right or wrong; then Tiepolo's skies in the *forestiera* will not be in one's mind or Venice recalled; neither Turner's ships at Gravesend, nor the gray Thames in the mist will be the searoad to London; Corot's silver waters beneath the trees will not tremble under the light air of the Ile de France; the Louvre will be department store or palace, indistinguishably; Ravenna or Chartres a church. The great painters are an approach to Europe.

The British poets are England but no one would imagine that they are not ourselves also, part of ourselves, the love and doubt and questioning that is America too. (One certainty, this alone, disqualifies the talk that would divide us.)

The French too have spoken for the nation and how more bitterly they have portrayed it than any foreigner could attempt; the French supremely enamored of truth have sought it diligently—are the moralists, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, not observant of us as they write? Does Racine not know our passion? Péguy our hope for justice? Voltaire our folly? We approach the French and we find ourselves in the French.

We find our own history written in Europe; any research into ourselves must lead us to Europe and then much further; through London, Paris and Rome—with the Alpine passes connecting Lombardy with the North, the sea travel from Genoa, the Rhone Valley leading North—to Athens, to Jerusalem. The language leading back to the other language; the thought traceable to the thought preceding. Not for any archeological reasons; it is because time and distance are obstacles to the timeless plenitude of truth. The returning soldiers have been caught in an instant of time; they cannot report on Europe because they are held in the present.

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The nation sent them out; they fought well; those that survive return. The reason they have so little of interest to say is that they are of their generation. The nation sent out a special generation of Americans to fight this war. Not very long ago the nation sent out another generation to fight another war. When the young men of that generation returned from the war they called themselves the lost generation. They were not particularly lost; all they had done was to lose things; they were very pained because all the time they were losing things. It seems as if they could lose more things than the men of any generation had lost since perhaps the French Revolution. That means also that they had more to lose.

They lost first of all the material security of the nineteenth century together of course with all the intellectual structure which supported it (which hung from it?). Then they fought a war from which they believed could be formed a new society. They lost the new society when they lost the League of Nations. There was a competitive new society, the Russian, and they lost that too. The Russians took it away from them when they took it for themselves. They lost it in the arguments the Russians had about it; they lost the pure dream when the Russians said that the police had to administer the dream. Then they fell back into the present, the country club, the riviera. With the depression they lost these also. Through a process of war and disillusion they lost their

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belief in the possible permanence of either thinking or comfort.

Under such circumstances another war was inevitable. The *same* war had to continue. Another generation had to go off to the *same* war. That is why this war, being the *same* war, was so uninteresting to the men engaged in it. The generation attending to its present episode is a generation which has inherited only lost hopes. Lost interests and lost hopes. On the ideological and political plane, hopeless. Not in the sense of despairing—lacking hope, simply, with nothing to hope in. They inherited only a hope lost in socialism, or in capitalism or in free trade, or in class warfare, or in communism; they preserve tenaciously a hope in democracy which means a hope in uncertainty, a hope divorced from any immediate program that you can vote.

It is not the faith of the older generation (of the last war) conflicting with and rejecting the faith of the young generation (of this war). The young generation has nothing to say, no revolt to make, no protest of manners, of doctrine, or in art. The older generation (the lost generation) lost all the hopes; the young generation has no new hopes with which to startle its predecessor. The young generation does not even think that the old generation is old.

This is the drab fate of two generations who wait upon a third. There were of course people who refused to admit that a young generation has not got something new to say; the men of the resistance movements in Europe confused their ardent patriotism, their thirst for justice with the illusion that they possessed a new plan, a new technique, new doctrine. But it all ended in nothing. It ended stalely with all this ardor returning to the old channels; the men of the resistance returned to socialism to save their countries from communism — or the other way about, or they returned to the Right — and their countries remain engaged in the old conflict between the Left (divided) and the Right.

It is not a question of being bored by what the returning soldiers say; that is inevitable, and we bore ourselves; it is a question of making sure that the men who talk too much, the new and savage isolationists, do not succeed in dividing America from Europe, turning Europe, and Russia, against us, turning the hearts of Americans against Europe, against Russia, breaking, in this dark hour, the fabric of our civilization. We must hurl Mr. Hutchins at these bitter and ignorant young men together with the hundred best books, the albums of photographs of the Europe they did not look at, the poets they did not read, the history of Marie Antoinette, the history of syphilis, the history of the plague, Plato, Saint Augustine, Newton. We must pursue and harry them into a sense of the world which their peculiar travels in youth did not form. That sense of the timeless world is a bridge between hearts.

★

I had to see them again, where they would not talk at all, where they were tired, where I could see their faces, their real faces, when they were not snarling about the damn frogs, the wops, the limeys, when they were only young men, tired, going home but not yet home. We had taken cocktails, looking out over the roofs of New York and at the towers in the fading light, then dinner, not thinking of the returning soldiers, then the play. In the bar we read the theater notes, tunes came in over the radio, there was not much to say about the play. At a quarter before midnight Rosette Pennington said we shall soon be forgetting them, that is why I must go now to work, now that the war is ended it is not the way it was when we were seeing them off to the war, we had more volunteers than we needed then, but now it is not that way; would you care to drive me down to the station canteen?

They were serving doughnuts and coffee or milk but mainly in the night hours it was a place where a man could sleep waiting for his train and there would be someone to wake him up. I looked at the men through the glass partition because it was not a place for a civilian to enter unless he was working there. I saw Rosette Pennington put on an apron, take her place behind the counter. On the floor beside the counter were two pails of sawdust in case anyone threw up. Then I went up the stairs to the train level and then through the waiting room to the escalator. The soldiers were coming down on the escalator strip that descends from street level; the soldiers were going up on the escalator strip which ascends to street level. They were going up and they were coming down. The way they had gone to war and now they were returning. Not all of them, of course. I stood there for a few minutes and soldiers stood still but the escalator moved them up or brought them down.

The Laws of War

I. A rule to encourage
  Those sacking a village:
What *We* do, is forage;
  What *They* do, is pillage.

II. Another antimony
  In the great pageant:
A spy is an enemy;
  Our spy's an *agent*.

III. Wars, I'm afraid,
  Did not seem to be endable
Till the atom-bomb made
  All men expendable.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Attitudes toward the Revolution

The evolution of "Nationalism" and of "Internationalism"

Nicholas Berdyaev

THOSE WHO rose against the Bolshevik revolution in 1918 rose against it in the name of patriotism and of the national idea. They thought that the Bolsheviks had humiliated Russia, concluded the shameful Brest-Litovsk peace, and reduced Russia's territory. I speak only of those who struggled in the name of the highest values and ideas. Many were solely guided by their own interests and struggled for the preservation of their privileged position. We are not concerned with these people. The White movement, which was completely without hope, was inspired in the person of its best representatives with patriotic and national ideas. The remnants of the White movement and those in the emigration who sympathized with it continued through inertia to call themselves patriots and national minded, and wanted to carry on the struggle against the internationalist Bolsheviks who caused Russia's disaster.

Twenty-five years have elapsed. Inside Russia, Soviet Russia, complex organic processes and changes took place, which the majority of Russians abroad either did not know of, or did not want to know. Germany declared and waged a terrible war against Russia, or more correctly speaking, invaded Russia. Russia ran the greatest danger in her history, she was threatened with dismemberment; the Russian people were threatened with enslavement. Certain former Russian "nationalists" and "patriots," who continued thus to call themselves, considered it opportune to don the German uniform and to take part in the war against their fatherland. Truly, it must be said that these people represented only a small part of the Russian emigration. Some of these patriots dreamed of getting back their land and their high administrative posts. But the others—disinterested—were soon disappointed in the Germans, they saw the atrocities which the nazis perpetrated in occupied countries; they understood, though with considerable delay, the criminal aims of Germany. Yet all these persons continued by inertia to consider themselves as "patriots" and "nationalists," and probably they were sincere. The "Jerebkoff Committee," [1] which was linked with the Gestapo, was also "patriotic and national."

The inertia of an attitude which had arisen twenty-five years ago, this incapacity to see reality and a changing life, this strength of old prejudices—all this is striking, but it is not new. Similar phenomena were witnessed during the French revolution. Patriotism, national feeling, were determined not by a living conception of one's native land and of one's people, but by a given attitude toward this or that political régime, for example, monarchy, aristocracy and other dead traditions. These people had not become aware that during those twenty-five years everything was overturned, that *national* and *international* have undergone a deep change in meaning. This is a dialectical development, which is achieved through contradiction, through attaining its opposite. The internationalists, who were accused of rejecting Russia's historical past, have become patriots and nationally minded. During this terrible war the patriots and the nationalists have become internationalists and even traitors. In my book, "The Sources and the Meaning of Russian Communism," published in foreign languages several years before the war, I tried to defend the idea that Russian Communism is much more traditional than usually supposed, and that internationalism is a mutation of the Russian Messianic impulse, of Russian universalism, though deformed. I also always believed that all attempts at intervention through the aid of foreigners with a view to overturning the Bolsheviks is genuine internationalism.

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Russian pro-hitlerism was an acute form of internationalism, there was nothing national or Russian about it. Fascist internationalism exists in all countries and is far more international than communism. The Soviet power, which is composed of Communists, is at present defending Russia as a nation, and defending her extremely well. Russian military fame during this war has been far greater than during our patriotic war of 1812. And this war is a people's war. For the first time, the Great Russian people, together with all the other peoples inhabiting Russia, conceived themselves as a whole, and struggled for themselves and for their future. One could say

[1] A committee in Paris for Russian relief work among refugees headed by the pro-nazi agent Jerebkoff.

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today, speaking of the Russian Revolution, though this may sound like a paradox, that this Revolution was necessary for Russia's international prestige. The old Russian régime was incapable of defending Russia against the dangers which threatened her, and first of all against the German menace. Russia was at that time defenseless. The soldiers did not understand what they were fighting for, they were obliged to fight without arms. In order that Russia should be able to defend herself, and that the people should be willing to fight, Russia had to become a people's Russia. During the initial period of the Revolution, it was necessary to pay for the defeats of the old régime. During these twenty-five years, Russia has acquired a fame which she did not possess before. The Bolshevik internationalists consolidated Russian unity under the form of a federation. The sly spirit of reason and of history, described by Hegel, has taken advantage of the Revolution for the salvation and the consolidation of Russia. This, of course, was not the only aim of the Revolution; there was another more important aim, which was an internal and social aim, the achievement of social justice. The achievement of these aims required payment of a heavy price: the diminishing of freedom.

Apart from those inspired by German, Hitlerite internationalism, certain Russians are inspired by Anglo-American internationalism, which is far less odious; it is neither fascist, nor monarchist, nor aristocratic, it is liberal and democratic, and could not be called treason. Those who are guided by Anglo-American internationalism are men who hated Hitlerism, who wished for the defeat of Hitlerism, who did not wish for the defeat of Russia, but who feared lest Russian victories should be too glamorous, lest the Red Army should advance too deeply into Europe, and who preferred that final victory should be determined by the British and the Americans. Often this attitude is explained by a doctrinaire attachment to the principles of democracy and by a timid fear of socialism.

But both the first and the second category of Russians are incapable of understanding that life is movement, development, that during a quarter of a century many changes have occurred. At the time when Russia was threatened with a terrible danger, it would have been difficult to be tolerant towards those Russians, who went to the front in German uniform or who denounced their compatriots to the Germans. But one should not be too hard on the unfortunate Russian émigrés. Many had a tragic past, tragic memories. Their consciousness, slow to move, was shaped in a quite different time. They have lost the link which bound them to the Russian land; their illusion that they have remained national—patriotic—is due to the fact that they stubbornly believe themselves faithful to principles, which played a part in Russia's historical past, though these principles have long since ceased to play that part and are dead.

The complexity of currents inside the Russian emigration is due to the fact that some have accepted none of the Revolution, viewing all revolution as evil, while others accepted the February revolution, and consider it as good, but do not accept the October revolution, considering it as evil. In truth the non-acceptance of any revolution is an absurdity. If a geological land-slide has occurred, it is absurd to say that we do not accept it. One must build a new life, based on the soil which has taken shape after the land-slide. Accepting the February revolution and rejecting the October revolution is not to understand the historical process, not to understand that revolution is one, presenting various stages of development. One cannot go back to the principles of the February revolution, which is generally defined as democratic, just as one cannot go back to monarchy or to the régime of privileged classes, just as one cannot go back to the initial stages of communism.

One must go forward and not backward. We live in post-revolutionary times. One may re-establish Russia's history and all that was positive in that history. This is gradually being achieved in Soviet Russia. But it is impossible to dream of the re-establishment of any kind of régime belonging to the historical past, be it a régime of 25 years ago, or 250 years or one thousand years ago. One must create a new life, but one must be at the same time aware of the link binding us to the great past. In the creation of that which is new one can only start from the October revolution, though one must not idolize it, as one must idolize nothing in this world. The October revolution must continually overcome itself (the *Aufhebung* of Hegel), that is it must develop itself creatively, go forward, rejecting the bad, affirming the good. That is why it is untrue and inadmissible to speak of "unconditional" acceptance. The "unconditional" is the rejection of criticism and of the desire for improvement, it is a remnant of slave habits, it is the adoration from the outside and not from the inside of the life of the Russian people. It is necessary to recognize this fact, and to adjust our terminology to it, that patriotism in the present hour of history lies with the Left, and not with the Right. On the Right there is a bad internationalism. This is not very new. The Frenchmen who made their great Revolution, called themselves patriots, and the émigrés, who struggled against that Revolution with the help of foreign troops, were internationalists. The fate of Charles Maurras, the leader of French Monarchists and editor of the *Action Française,* the newspaper which called itself the

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organ of integral nationalism, is altogether typical. For many years Maurras poisoned French youth with the wrath and venom of impotent reaction. Maurras has been tried and accused of treason in wartime, and he has been sentenced to life imprisonment. It is well that he has not been sentenced to death and made a martyr. During the trial, this wicked old man shouted to his judges: "You are the traitors, not I." He was of course deeply convinced that he had remained a patriot and a nationalist. Marshal Pétain was also convinced of this. But objectively speaking, both betrayed France.

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We use the words patriotism and nationalism almost as if they meant the same. But it is necessary to make a distinction between these two conceptions. Patriotism is first of all love of one's own land and of one's own people, the feeling of an organic link, the readiness not only to defend one's fatherland against all dangers, and to make the necessary sacrifices, but to help achieve that land's mission in history. Patriotism is man's positive quality. And it can be fully combined with universalism. Nationalism is different, it means national seclusion and exclusiveness, it often means hostility toward another people, and if that nationalism is equipped with force, it means aggressiveness, the thirst for domination and conquest. Nationalism is much more closely linked with the state than is patriotism, for in the latter the people present a higher value than the State. The State has only a functional, and not a substantial meaning, it is but an instrument in the life of the people. In so far as small and subjugated peoples are concerned, nationalism can express not a desire for domination, but desire for liberation. In so far as great peoples and powerful States are concerned, nationalism is easily transformed into imperialism, into the idea of domination over the world. In the imperialist will there is something devouring. This is specially characteristic of Germany.

National consciousness can raise great historical problems, which are not problems of domination, but problems of service, of serving all peoples and all mankind. Then this national consciousness can acquire the form of messianism. Messianism has always a universal character, it always means escaping from seclusion into the wide world. Thus, the Russian idea of a federation of peoples, each of whom preserves its individuality, means universalism. It was incorrectly called internationalism, but the word "inter" does not mean anything, it is an empty space dividing nationalities. It would be more correct perhaps to speak of super-nationalism. Universalism also means the growth of a people, thanks to which this people is filled with creative values which also have a universal meaning for other peoples. Therefore it would be better to reject both of the terms which form the sub-title of this present article. We should here recall that Vladimir Solovieff rightly suggested making the same distinction between *nationalism* and *nationality* as that which exists between egoism and the individual. Nationalism suits least of all Russia, that great land, and the Russian people, in which, significantly enough, all mankind was reflected.

The Russians abroad, like all people, can be summoned to a positive task, to serve Russia, but rather, I believe, on the cultural and not on the political level. Nobody can be rejected, except traitors. But to make all this possible what is necessary is a change of spirit and a repentance of one's own internationalism. One must behold and accept the fact that life is movement and development. One cannot go on living on death-inflicting moods, which were created 25 years ago, and which have lost all meaning in the present hour of history.

(*This article was first published in the first number of a Russian newspaper,* The Russian Patriot, *appearing in Paris, and was reproduced in the New York Russian paper,* Novoye Russkoye Slovo.—THE EDITORS.)

Communications

THE JAPANESE

Collegeville, Minn.

TO the Editors: In his communication about the Japanese (September 7, 1945) Mr. William Franklin Sands says: "When I speak of Chinese, Japanese or Koreans, I am not theorizing. They are all one people. I know them." It is more than saying that the Americans, the Germans and the Poles are all one people—for in the light of both ethnology and history there is even a greater difference between the Chinese and the Japanese than between the Americans and the Germans. And as a Chinese I must protest against Mr. Sands's peremptory remark that the Chinese people, ally of the Americans, constitute one people with the Japanese, arch-enemy of both the Americans and the Chinese. Under present circumstances, the statement is the more misleading and dangerous as its author is a man well known for his scholarship and experience.

One need not be an expert in international affairs to know that better understanding and closer cooperation between China and the United States are prerequisites to lasting peace in the Orient and the advancement of Christianity in China. And this peace and Christian development will, ultimately, be beneficial not to China alone but to America and the whole world as well.

That is why Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, in a nationwide broadcast on Christmas Eve, 1943, made this urgent appeal to the Christian missionaries in China: "Let them with good educational methods suited to each

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situation, bring spiritual guidance and inspiration to our people, teach them self-respect and self-control, show them how to be strong in character, and help them to live according to the teaching of Jesus Christ which, alone, can save China and the world."

If V-E and V-J do not create mutual respect and mutual esteem between our peoples, we have fought in vain. Another "V" will have to be won—at the expense of civilization and mankind.

THADDEUS YANG, O.S.B., Ph.D.,
Superior, Benedictine Monastery, Chengtu, China.

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editors: In your issue of August 31, Professor Mortimer Adler published a letter in which he abandoned a fundamental thesis of his book "How to Think about War and Peace." In this book he had announced that a world state to make world peace possible would be achieved in about 500 years; in the intervening centuries we would pass through a series of world wars. The atomic bomb had the "drastic effect" of convincing Dr. Adler that it is meaningless to speculate about what will happen in 500 years and of convincing him "that the total relinquishment of national sovereignty" is necessary now. "We have less than fifty years to save the last best hope of the world."

I must confess that the letter of Dr. Adler leaves me no less bewildered than his book did. (See my criticism in the *Review of Politics* for April, 1944.)

How can "a total relinquishment of national sovereignty" be brought about today, in our generation? Chancellor Hutchins hopes, as he said on the Radio Roundtable of the University of Chicago, that as Christianity was founded on the fear of Hell, so the world state may be founded on the fear of the atomic bomb. But Christianity is not exclusively and primarily based on the fear of Hell. This fear presumes a belief in God, in Christ, in the importance of human behavior here on earth for the winning of eternal happiness. Therefore I cannot share the hope of Chancellor Hutchins—manifestly shared by Dr. Adler—that the fear of the atomic bomb will supersede the differences between empires and nations. A race has probably started to get hold of the new weapon and to perfect it. It may be that this race will end in the neutralization of the atomic bomb—and not only by discovering some means of defense: poison gas was not used in this war, for even Hitler realized that the other side would retaliate. The objection that the atomic bomb of the future would obliterate the adversary before he could retaliate may be met by the consideration that war was and will be waged for the exploitation and enslavement of the enemy, not for making his land uninhabitable and therefore unusable.

The atomic bomb can destroy the existence of a plurality of states—or superstates—only if *one* power has, at least temporarily, exclusive use of the new weapon and utilizes it to force the submission of the other states. Thus they would lose their national or imperial sovereignty, abandoning it to the possessor of the secret of the atomic bomb. But would this world state, meaning world domination by the most powerful state, be the federal union expected by Dr. Adler?

I ask Dr. Adler to answer the question: does he really believe that the Soviet Union and England—to cite only superpowers—will voluntarily relinquish their sovereignty and join a federal union? And what about USA? To claim that the world state is the single practical means of saving humanity from destruction and to fail to show how to realize it will plunge those readers who take Dr. Adler seriously into despair and cynicism. Dr. Adler, I am sure, will realize that. As the proponent of the world state, he must not only proclaim the goal; he must show the way to achieve it.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

APPRENTICES

Brooklyn, New York.

TO the Editors: In your editorial-article (September 14) "Our Precarious Culture" you call upon our educational system to "persuade our young people that learning a trade is not a disgrace." You make this call on grounds of economic necessity ("Circumstances are now such that we can no longer rely upon Europe to supply us with the craftsmen we need") and of cultural necessity (". . . useful work is noble work"). Nobody can argue with the validity of these two grounds as facts and principles. If we need more craftsmen, let's get them. Any work that is useful, whether manual or menial, is noble, and our youth should be taught that.

But, unfortunately, there are several leaks in your line of reasoning. Boards of education throughout the land are convinced that trade education is necessary as we can see from the rise and growth of trade schools. But, who are the members of these boards? They are just the people who make up that "hierarchy of prestige" of those who are furthest away from the tools and the machines—the bankers, the landlords, the lawyers, the employers, the business executives—rather than the "craftsmen" you wish to see elevated in the social scale. These educational authorities have always followed your advice. But what happens when they do? Our trade schools become institutions for the youth of the poor, where the major orientation is that of job-mindedness with almost complete disregard for the cultural ends of education.

If you want our youth to be inculcated with the idea that "learning a trade is not a disgrace," you should first attack the disgraceful situation that the trades are in—poor remuneration, job-insecurity, inadequate working conditions. Secondly, you should show how trade-training can be prevented from becoming a training in narrow vocationalism. And, finally, you should holler for more representation of workers and teachers on boards of education.

The great danger in your article, therefore, is that the people who want cheap labor and docile labor and a school system primarily geared to vocationalism will grab it up and parade it as a show-piece for their cause.

Your objectives are valid but your analysis is distorted.

MARTIN WOLFSON.

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THE CHURCH AND THE ISMS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: My purpose in answering Mr. Maguire's letters on "The Church and the Isms" is less to convince an individual that he is mistaken in his views than to keep the record straight and to see that reckless charges against Catholic leadership in this country are not allowed to pass unchallenged, especially when they appear in a Catholic magazine, not in *The Protestant*. Mr. Maguire is entitled to his opinions, but liberty of opinion begins where certainty leaves off and it is important that well established facts should not be ignored or distorted, even under the stress of indignation or generous enthusiasm. In closing my part in a controversy that has been carried far afield, I would like to make the following observations.

1. In his last letter, Mr. Maguire returns to and enlarges upon the main point in his first letter and in the whole controversy: his charge that in the period between the two wars American Catholic intellectual leadership erred in concentrating on communism instead of fascism. He now supplies what he believes to be the reason for this attitude, and tells us "the American Church was led to judge communism and fascism not by the ideologies they taught but by the capacity for collaboration with ecclesiastical power in various parts of the world." It does not occur to him that this "capacity for collaboration with ecclesiastical power" is determined by the Church's estimate of their ideological content and of their actual program. Since Mr. Maguire asserts that fascism is a greater evil than communism he is really charging Catholic leadership here with having made the worse appear the better part in return for temporal and political benefits, real or potential. Such a charge is, in Newman's classic phrase, a grave and gratuitous slander.

2. After expressly repudiating "the theological implications involved in any establishment of an opposition between the Church as an institution and the Church as Christlike principle," Mr. Maguire protests against "the attitude which automatically judges all political and social problems by their effects upon organizational Catholicism, local or international." If we use religion as the yardstick with which to measure political and social problems and the movements to which they give rise, surely we must weigh their effect on the Church. We are bound to ask if the programs advanced as solutions of specific political and social problems are in harmony with Christian teaching, and if they afford the Church full liberty to carry out her mission. If they do not meet these tests, they are working to the detriment of society and must be opposed no matter how attractive their professed aims might seem to be.

3. The love of authoritarian government which Don Luigi Sturzo attributes to many European Catholics does not exist over here, and therefore cannot explain the American Catholic attitude to European politics. Certainly the Catholics from the British Isles learned in a hard school the value of religious and political liberty, and their long perseverance in the best of causes shows their ability to put first things first. They are less likely than many other Americans to succumb to the charm of monarchy, a landed aristocracy or any other kind of privileged class. They have not sought and do not seek state protection for the Church. They are quietly confident that they can take care of themselves.

4. The American Catholics supported General Franco because the Holy See and the Spanish Catholics did. When the Civil War began the Spanish Catholics had to choose between two sides, the only ones in the field, one of which was going to win. They could support a swindle democracy that openly aimed at de-Christianizing Spain, or the nationalist movement, led by the Army, which would preserve the religion and traditions of Spain. They made the only possible choice, and their decision was ratified by the vast majority of the Catholic world. The American press was hostile to Franco even before it became fashionable to attribute all his victories to the Germans. The communists appealed most skilfully to the profound dislike of the Church and Spain that is widespread in the American Protestant world, and explains its hatred of a man who is regarded as the champion of both. There is no fault they find in Spain that the enemies of Franco do not praise in other countries when it suits their purpose to do so. Those who applaud the Carthaginian terms imposed on Germany, and find no fault with the forced labor, the total censorship, the imposition of *ex post facto* punishments, the permanent exclusion from political and economic life of millions of people whose ideology is wrong, and the announced intention to keep Germany weak by imposing perpetual poverty, are much upset because the losing side in Spain is not in the position of our Republicans. Trading with Germany was wrong for Spain, not wrong for Sweden and Turkey. It is unnecessary to comment on their indignation on learning that there is a black market in Spain, and even corruption and inefficiency in the administration of the rationing system. This attitude is not due so much to conscious insincerity as to a moral idealism that is never universal in its application of principle, and that will always take the anti-Catholic side.

5. The French Catholics who opposed the Spanish nationalists, and who were so sure that passive resistance, returning to the catacombs, rejoicing at martyrdom, and seeing in present misfortunes the punishment for past sins were the proper policy for the Catholics to follow, had the good sense not to follow their own advice when France was invaded. Then resistance became a duty, and collaboration or surrender the great evil. In both cases they were thinking largely of France.

6. Father Brown seems to think wars are justified by victory, and he chooses to ignore the importance of motives for waging wars. It must be gratifying to the military and economic advisers of the government to know that once they have decided such issues as Poland and the atomic bomb, they can count on the ready acquiescence of the "qualitatively more representative Catholics." I am sure that it was inadvertence, not malice or the desire to score a point, that led Mr. Winkel to make two substantial changes in my comments on Latin America.

The Reverend FLORENCE D. COHALAN.

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Sunnyside, Wash.

TO the Editors: May I scatter a few remarks in your wide-open columns? While I have thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Maguire's communications, I am glad that my great friend Don Luigi Sturzo cleared up a very dangerous situation which was reminiscent of that great trouble-maker in Germany, the "Church of grace" and the "Church of law," so gently rebuked in Our Holy Father's encyclical on the Mystical Body.

What bothers me are Father Cohalan's replies. He states several things as facts for which no proof is offered. I know that this is a hot potato, and I am afraid that my returning to the fray will again make me quite unpopular.

Our danger is that from a distance we simplify things. Classical specimens are the recent book by Max Jordan, the article of Frederick Baerwald in the summer issue of *Thought* and the statement of Father Cohalan that "Catholics did whatever could be done for the Jews." The term "Catholics" needs specification. It is certainly not true in such a general and sweeping sense.

My memory must fail me badly, but who were the Catholics who wanted America to fight an unprovoked war against Germany "for England's sake"? Isn't that one of the basic fallacies of a certain "isolationist" propaganda? Of course, if you live on hate of England, everything is distorted and the whole thing looks like a plot to ruin the Church and a few "Catholic countries"—but does such talk differ from Kenneth Leslie's or Gerald Smith's or Alfred Rosenberg's pet raving about their respective plots?

I fully agree with your correspondents that it is silly to make totalitarian Russia look like a progressive version of the US on a different land-mass. But are things so simple that one can draw a simple and obvious parallel between Hitler's threat in 1940 and Stalin's threat in 1945? While we should keep our eyes wide open upon Stalin's moves and deeds (in contrast with his words), keeping an eye peeled for our own discrepancies, is our Catholic audience really so uninformed about the sinister aspects of communism and Russia that we simply must tell them all about it over and over again and forget to mention a few items that might distribute light and shadow more equally? Is it not the honor and glory of being a Catholic to step back and consider all the facts, while others adopt party lines and suppress news? Must we speak of everything Russian, Mexican, British, Japanese and German—and lately French—with a certain gloating? I admire Father Cohalan's optimism without sharing it. Indeed there was a danger that the evils of fascism would be overlooked here, exactly in circles which are quite close to us both. His assumption that the Catholic press has the rôle of being a sort of counterbalance in the national and international field and therefore must throw its weight all on one side is one which I cannot share, because it would make that press partisan and sectarian. We will be more powerful spiritually when we try to forget the idea of being powerful in numbers, lobbies and volume of votes. Truth has splendor in itself and needs no dressing up.

I think that those who opposed appeasement of fascism before the war were concerned with the safety of the United States and its institutions. They knew that fascism was gaining dangerously and had a certain appeal to people who saw in it the "wave of the future." They advocated help for the nations who fought it. Isn't it rather too simple to demand exactly the same methods to ward off Russian or communist imperialisms and their possible threat? The safest way of keeping the latter from our shores is a more vigorous advocacy of Christian social justice. Who will be the ones to fight on this sector of the battle? The communists or somebody else? The safest way to stop Russian imperialism is firmness, a realistic use of power and calm observation. Panicky agitation, looking for communists under our beds and constant screaming (of course I do not allude here to Father Cohalan's polished and civilized letters here) will only blind our true vision. Thanks to Hitler's madness, Stalin's astuteness and certain pro-fascist leaders' blindness Stalin is now where Hitler might have been had he succeeded. Thus two-thirds of the responsibility goes to fascism and its friendly appeasers.

I cannot follow Father Cohalan into the depth of his suspicions and the threats contained in some of his sentences, because I think that on cooler reflection he will himself see that those who are opposed to his views cannot all be under the wholesale suspicion of mere "interest in political rewards, academic preferments, social recognition and journalistic contacts." Such suspicions applied to him and his friends would meet with indignant outbursts, and I think rightly so.

May I conclude on my customary note: I think Mr. Paulding's question as to whether the average German knew the facts of Buchenwald, since Léon Blum who was in the camp did not know them, can be answered, even at a distance. Blum was a prisoner, under close guard and purposely isolated. That is why he did not know what was going on. The rest of the camp however, through the guards and their relatives, the relatives of the inmates and released inmates were not so completely isolated. The question of whether many Germans knew the proportions of the cruelty achieved in these nazi hells is irrelevant. As far back as 1933 I never knew a German who did not have a pretty good idea of what was going on in concentration camps. For twelve years there was a considerable turnover of guards and inmates, and the knowledge that decency, justice and humanity were being outraged in these camps was known, even if the exact figures and details were lacking. While the average citizen could only speak up at the cost of martyrdom or flight into exile, there were sufficient guardians of conscience who failed to speak up. I can substantiate this statement and I can substantiate another one: those guardians of conscience used their power to smother even the voice of those abroad who were willing to try to inform Catholics.

Will those who, in a clumsy effort to absolve one part of Germany of collective guilt, always point to the fact that nazi terror prevented Germany from speaking and revolting, explain to us how this terror existed without

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very definite knowledge on the part of the terrorized as to what it (the terror) was? The terror was based on the fact that all citizens knew what awaited them in concentration camps or before a nazi tribunal. One Jew, communist or Catholic imprisoned, executed and maltreated by those who were supposed to guarantee the integrity of justice should have been enough to sweep away the nazis by popular indignation and indictment by the guardians of conscience. But even before January, 1933, the gory details of the Potempa murders aroused nobody in Germany to more than a few weak protests. Here is the root of the question.

Only when we acknowledge these facts can we begin to be just and charitable to the fallen enemy in his misery. Incidents of intolerance and injustice in our own midst, if and when they happen, will prevent us from becoming self-righteous. No instances of the heroic resistance of individuals can change the basic fact that a "political" attitude carried the day over the Christian conscience in 1933 and that therefore, as a body, Christians failed. Therefore all honor and reverence to those who stood alone and faced annihilation and all sympathy to the multitude who were ready to resist in 1933, but who were badly advised and, thereafter, had to walk with their masters to the terrible end.

The Reverend H. A. REINHOLD.

With these letters we bring to an end one of the most interesting controversies in our columns in recent years. We are inclined to agree in the main with the position of Mr. Maguire and his supporters, though we, like Don Sturzo, take issue with Mr. Maguire's terminology. In a sentence: Catholics should have condemned and worked against fascism fully as much as they did against atheistic communism. They did not do so. Let us learn from this a lesson. The minute we see organized illegal violence being used within a free country to achieve political domination, let us without qualification condemn those who use it.—THE EDITORS.

The Stage & Screen

A Boy Who Lived Twice

A WEEK of horrors—two of which I was not urged to attend—and the third which can only sadly be called a long-term mistake. It has been daily noised that the producer, Hall Shelton, and the authors, Leslie Floyd Egbert and Gertrude Ogden Tubby, have waited seven years to produce their drama; the assumption being, I suppose, that persistence should count for something. However, I cannot feel time either to have impeded or crowned their efforts, and certainly one's primary reaction will be that they might have employed the interval in better writing. I have never seen entrances and exits so slightly motivated, and the pre-Ibsenian opening, a quiz game between butler and female family friend (the latter most strangely hunched through by Cecil Elliott) lent a period tone to the whole business. The plot gives us a nasty young man, of substantial Long Island family, accidentally dying (stage center) and coming to life again some minutes later, physically the same although spiritually different, and possessing alien memories which subsequently prove to be true. This strange transference of souls is slowly investigated by an old old psychiatrist, who slowly slowly uncovers an obvious skeleton in the closet, and the curtain rattles down. With the assorted disgusts, distrusts and divergences of the psychiatric tribe bounding and regressing from day to day in the public prints, it is apparent that the methods employed by the old man under view on the stage must appear somewhat simple and old-fashioned, even to the uninitiated. This together with the fact that he never seems to be on hand whenever anything is happening: one way of prolonging a play. Nevertheless, as in all melodrama, a certain curiosity operates in regard to the *dénouement,* and no one left the house before the end, as mildly satisfactory as it was. Neither in science nor in craft did the piece begin to embrace its theme. Anne Sargeant, John Heath, Strelsa Leeds, Vaughan Glaser, all worked steadfastly. (*At the Biltmore.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Now It Can

WHILE the production of war films is falling off as rapidly as might be expected, a few are still being made. Those started, no doubt, will be completed, but whether the studios continue to film some of the expensive books and stories they have bought depends on the box-office reception of movies with war themes during the next few months. One group, however, is likely to grow into a cycle: films with secret and inside stories about this or that phase of the war. Some of these will doubtlessly be old stuff brought up to date by references to the atomic bomb and other timely matters, but all will be marked by a now-it-can-be-told angle.

Any item in this series that is as interesting and makes such good use of cinema as *"The House on 92nd Street"* will be more than welcome. The film—part fact, part fiction, with a heavy emphasis on the former—is told almost like a documentary. Its cast, under the intelligent direction of Henry Hathaway, give good performances with restraint and understatement that make the picture's episodes seem like a filming of the real thing. Furthermore the voice of a narrator describing the work of the FBI, while we are shown shots of the bureau's offices, extensive files and research systems, continues to tell parts of the story from time to time as the camera visualizes the specific case that is the film's major concern. The Christopher case is a synthesis of all the German espionage affairs handled so well by the FBI that there was practically no sabotage during the war. Probably the most amazing point about the bureau in action is its thoroughness—from its complete surveillance of the German embassy before the war, to its ability to track down a suspicious person through lipstick found on a cigarette end. The German spies in this particular case were operating from a New York dress shop on 92nd Street off Madi-

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son Avenue. How they were finally caught is the theme of this movie rich in tense episodes, absorbing details of FBI tricks and maneuvers, and realistic sets. The fine, straight photography, directed by Norbert Brodine, adds to the realism; many of the scenes, even some of the enacted ones, were shot in New York with concealed cameras. The realism is further heightened by the use of a few well-known actors. With effective simplicity, William Eythe portrays the American student employed as a spy by the Germans and as a counter-spy by the FBI, and Lloyd Nolan plays the inspector handling this Christopher case, which soon became involved with our Process No. 97 (having to do with secret work on a new and most formidable weapon—you know which one, of course). As spies, Signe Hasso, Leo G. Carroll, Gene Lockhart and a large group of relatively unknown players turn in convincing performances. No doubt the one person who rates most credit for the excellence of this exciting movie is its producer, Louis de Rochemont, who has inserted in "The House on 92nd Street" the same factual tone that pervades his March of Time shorts.

"First Yank Into Tokyo" may also be based on fact, but the melodramatic presentation of its story and the conglomeration of hair-breadth escapes and chance detract from any reality the script may once have had. An American major, Steve Ross (Tom Neal), who was raised in Japan, knows its language and people well, is brought to Washington, given some high class plastic surgery and lessons in Japanese manners, and is turned out a perfect Jap. With the help of the Korean underground, he gets into the enemy's country where he is to obtain a missing formula from an American scientist who was working on a new secret weapon before being captured. Steve, now looking very Japanese with false buck teeth and all, locates not only the scientist (Marc Cramer) in the hospital of a concentration camp outside of Tokyo, but also his own fiancée (Barbara Hale) who is head of American nurses in this hospital and who, of course, doesn't recognize Steve. From then on, the picture has all the elements of the old thrillers complete with last-minute chases, sexy Japs attracted to the beautiful American nurse, graft in the Japanese army (described as two dogs on one leash), a wily Jap officer who identifies Steve because the two men were once roommates at college, and finally the escape during which Steve, realizing he is marked for life with Japanese features, sacrifices himself to save the nurse and scientist. The film's ending shows atomic bombs being dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

If *"Paris Underground"* had appeared a couple of years ago, it might have been accepted as a passable, exciting melodrama about a couple of women who smuggled some 300 Allied fliers out of Occupied France. Now, however, coming at the tail end of things, this picture seems very old hat. Constance Bennett, as Kitty, a lush, well-dressed American, and Gracie Fields, as Emmy, a tart British spinster, add a certain amount of interest to this film version of Etta Shiber's story, but certainly add nothing that could be considered a new note in the long series of spy and occupied-country movies we saw during the war. Gregory Ratoff's direction manages to keep us on edge

This Publishing Business

THE GLOW OF LIFE

Maisie Ward calls her new book THE SPLENDOR OF THE ROSARY, which is a reminder of that other notable book, Maurice Zundel's SPLENDOR OF THE LITURGY. The similarity of titles is not accidental. She is asserting a similarity of splendor.

Actually the Rosary has two levels of splendor, the first being simply its universal possibility. "Pray without ceasing" says Scripture. The Rosary is the only one of the great prayers of the Church that can be said any time, any where. I'm all for the Liturgical Revival, but you can't read your breviary in the blackout; you can't have Mass when you're parachuting from a plane; you can't chant Gregorian in a dentist's chair, whereas there is no conceivable circumstance in which you can't make a shot at the Rosary. In the subway at the rush hour, mystical contemplation is out of the question for most; but the Rosary isn't. If you can get your hand into your pocket, you can run the beads through your fingers; if you can't, you can run your fingers through your fingers. The woman with the parcels may be listening to an angel talking to a girl in Nazareth. The fat man resting his weight on your foot may be meditating on the Descent of the Holy Ghost.

The beads, urges the non-Catholic, are a distraction: and so they are, but a distraction *from distraction*. They can't keep all the chaos of circumstance from breaking in on the soul, but they keep alive a thread of awareness that one is praying, that one is in some sort of contact with God and Our Lady and the angels, at the very least that they are real and that we share a universe with them, as well as with the fat man and the lady with the parcels.

But it is not the whole case for the Rosary that it can be said where the Liturgy can't—as Kipling said of the banjo that it can go where a grand piano can't: it is splendid *in the same way of splendor as the Liturgy*. For the splendor of prayer is simply the splendor of reality. Reality has a glow upon it, and prayer glows with *that* glow or not at all. This relation to reality is the splendor that Maisie Ward sees in the Rosary, and her book glows with it. The fifteen pictures of Fra Angelico, and the fifteen rhythmed prayers by Caryll Houselander, make part of the glow, but they are accessory. The substance of the book and the heart of its glow is the doctrinal statement of the fifteen Mysteries, each in its own reality and each again in its place in Reality as a whole. With this new width and depth of realization, the mind will pray the Rosary better not only in peace and quietude, but in the subway too, to say nothing of the blackout, the parachute-drop and the dentist's chair.

—F. J. S.

THE SPLENDOR OF THE ROSARY, by Maisie Ward
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during the suspense scenes which are plentiful and at times terrific. Even the film's conclusion showing the two women being released from a German prison camp in the summer of '44 fails to give the picture timeliness. Perhaps some day in the distant future we shall be ready for movies that honor the bravery of the underground in Europe. When that day comes, let all those stories be told not in melodramatics, but with simple, understanding realism.

Added note: lest I may not have been persuasive enough in my column last week in reviewing "The True Glory," I should like to remind movie-goers that this is one of the finest documentary films ever made. In showing the events in western Europe from D-day through the fall of Berlin, this picture proves again that cinema can say some things more effectively than any other art; and the things said in this movie about war and peace, through its first-rate visuals and sound track, are of great importance to everyone, be he a regular movier-goer or not. This is the kind of a film that you should ask the manager of your local theater to exhibit. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

No Unemployment

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

FIFTEEN YEARS have passed since the need for finding a workable way of keeping our vast productive powers going was so tragically thrust upon us. When prosperity was first just around the corner, the American economy was in a sad state of decline; everything was on the wane: effective demand for goods and services, jobs and payrolls, goods and production schedules, public confidence. Today, with the problem no nearer solution than ever, everything is just in reverse. There is a high springboard from which to make a real take-off. Moreover the citizenry is still used to higher taxes, price ceilings, rationing, priorities and all sorts of restrictions which can be utilized to influence the course of our economy. The pent-up demand for consumers goods among the higher income brackets is strong enough to start the wheels of many industries spinning at top speed as soon as materials are available and retooling is completed. While overseas there is a war-ravaged world clamoring for all kinds of American goods. We shall never have a better opportunity.

Because of these consumption factors, this worldwide backlog of demand, too many of our American business leaders still assume that the problem of mass unemployment will solve itself. This is the tenor of the eagerly gobbled up Committee for Economic Development news-releases which periodically make the headlines with their glowing optimism. All too few are the observers who take the pains to figure out demand for goods in terms of jobs from any over-all standpoint. Secretary Wallace is one of these few.* And although he himself is temperamentally an optimist of the most rosy hue (witness his statement in this new volume that "the world is on the move to a better life" as well as the hopeful tenor of his various statistical estimates) he finds that postwar manufacturing and mining will account for less than a third of the additional jobs needed to produce full employment.

Mr. Wallace has it all worked out with mathematical precision. The maintenance of our peak wartime rate of two hundred billion dollars' worth of production is to result in 60,000,000 jobs in 1950. He twice cites the Department of Commerce warning of two years ago that next year this country can produce as many goods as we did in 1940 and still have some 19,000,000 unemployed; he repeats that realistic statement and proceeds undisheartened.

The need for goods exists as it always has. At present that need is more acute both here and overseas. How then make the potential consumer demand effective? One key lies with the domestic low-income groups, the seventy percent of American families who in peacetime have annual incomes of less than $2,000. Another is in the American South where the proper establishment of heavy industries (especially for finished products) would provide employment for 5,000,000 additional workers and double the area's income. Incidentally the Southern Tenant Farmers Union is currently working to obtain nationwide popular support for a minimum annual wage of $625 (a big jump in most cases) for sharecropper families. Most difficult of all, but not to be dismissed on that account, is the opportunity presented by the vast foreign market. Unfortunately Mr. Wallace is terribly sketchy as to how the wherewithal for such exports is to be provided.

In addition to the tremendous new demand for the more normal goods and services, which if properly tapped can yield great opportunities for more employment, there are other basic human needs which should be met. Mr. Wallace advocates such measures as a national hospital building program, a series of strategic river valley projects similar to TVA and MVA, land conservation and forest development programs on a much larger national scale, the completion of rural electrification, a vast housing program—all adding up to millions of new jobs at useful work. He figures the armed forces as two million larger than they were in 1939. Another new half million is to be added to government payrolls, presumably on account of the postwar projects which he outlines. And so with generous estimates as to possibilities in the main productive lines of endeavor he finally gets up to the impressive total of 60,000,000 jobs.

How can the nation afford a program of this scope? Obviously we cannot again afford widespread unemployment and want. Possibly the question should be phrased, "How can we pay for it?" Chiefly by keeping taxes high and counting on an annual peacetime national budget of twenty-five billions. If productive momentum is maintained, surely one-eighth of the national income can go for federal taxes.

This is a tremendous subject. Obviously it cannot be treated exhaustively or even adequately in a paper-bound volume of eighty-three long pages. That is not Mr. Wal-

*60,000,000 Jobs. Henry A. Wallace. S. & S. $1.00 paper; Reynal $2.00 cloth.

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lace's forte, anyway. He does pose the problem in more concrete terms than it is usually done. He suggests the outlines of one viable approach to the national—and international—problem of full employment. But he is primarily an exhorter, a phrasemaker, a public speaker who inspires his audiences with a resolution to get to work on the things he believes so passionately must be done. Mr. Wallace's phrase on the effect of the introduction of more and more labor-saving machinery could hardly be improved upon; he calls it "a permanent problem of reconversion." Again, he refers to the national needs which were listed above as a "backlog of national abundance." He is properly fearful of the growth of highly centralized government, ardently in favor of democratic processes which go back to local grass roots, of small business and family farms and most of the things which must be developed to make our democracy prosperous. His book is a challenge; it does not provide complete answers. It is up to others to work out the techniques in sufficient detail so that something approaching Mr. Wallace's vision can be realized for America. Projects which will have a large-scale expansive influence on our peacetime economy will cost plenty. But we cannot afford the depression which will otherwise come.

More Books of the Week

The Western Island, or The Great Blasket. Robin Flower. Oxford. $2.50.

I WAS 21, and rich with a university degree and, I have no doubt, the arrogance that goes with it; and that year I was in Ireland, where I met with Achill islanders and Kerry mountaineers. I was entertained by men and women who spoke with great naturalness and vigor, and said many remarkable things—some things that were fine, some things that seemed astonishingly beautiful. After the better part of twenty-five years I still remember how my ears tingled as one woman spoke; and I can feel again the shock I felt when Mrs. Darrell Figgis told me afterward that *that* woman could neither read nor write.

It was more than a shock. It was one of those occurrences that knock the blazes out of all you ever knew, or thought you knew. But I was still, as I say, a boy; so I had a grand time picking up the fragments. I had met a person (*mirabile dictu*) who had never been to school but who was undeniably a cultured person. I saw that that culture was wholly oral, but valid and deeply rooted; and it occurred to me that many a university product I had known was not a cultured person. Then I remembered hearing that the culture of the ancients was oral too; that discourse was the royal road to learning from the time of the peripatetic Greeks down to rather modern times; that Charlemagne himself had left the art of writing to the clerics precisely as we today leave the art of stenography to a comparably small professional class. I recalled having heard of the tremendous memories men possessed in ancient and mediaeval times, produced (I had no doubt) by the oral habit of mind; and I wondered—with a worried glance in the direction of the printing press—whether our modern habit of jotting down

Praised by the Press!

Adventures in Grace

by RAÏSSA MARITAIN

Book of the Month Club News:
"Raïssa Maritain, wife of Jacques Maritain the French philosopher, continues her autobiography in *Adventures in Grace*. This second volume, like the first, *We Have Been Friends Together*, gives fully and beautifully the French background, the intellectual and artistic circles of Paris before the war, and the intense spiritual awareness of corruption and disintegration in national life which sent so many of the brilliant personalities of the period into the Catholic Church."

John Erskine in The New York Herald Tribune:
"Like her husband, the author was born with a gift for friendship, and her memories gather around remarkable personalities—around Charles Péguy, Ernest Psichari, Léon Bloy, Georges Rouault, and many other shining names. . . . Madame Maritain has spoken bravely and plainly on a great theme."

Francis Downing in The Commonweal:
"There are in these pages of clear, clean, exact writing such plumbed wells of understanding, of sympathy, of charity, of pity that one is amazed as if he had suddenly looked into the blinding light of the sun. But what emerges more strongly than anything else . . . is the terrible honesty that is the clean, new die out of which these sentences are stamped."

Virginia Kirkus:
"Those interested in modern philosophical and religious trends, and in developments in the intellectual life of France at the time of World War I will find these memoirs of absorbing interest."

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memoranda and too constantly referring to books had not left us with undeveloped memories and without those habits that produce (perhaps) the greatest minds. There were great memories among the Irish men and women I was meeting, and there were (I was quite sure of it) many admirable minds.

I say these things to suggest the sort of people Robin Flower writes of in this lovely book; and to applaud his effort to "preserve a little of their tradition in the ink that has destroyed it." You know the Great Blasket; it's that tiny rock of an island that lies off the south-western tip of Kerry. Mr. Flower writes of its people; primitive in their ways but grand and forthright of speech. They're a strong-minded people, worthy to be compared with figures out of the Old Testament; and they are, when all is said, still-living exemplars of a civilization that is older than Christianity.

Robin Ernest William Flower, poet, scholar and Deputy Keeper of Manuscripts at the British Museum in London, went among them to learn the Gaelic tongue in 1910, and for thirty-odd years has spent his summer vacations there. With Irish genius for hitting upon a nickname, they called him *Blaheen,* which means the Little Flower.

You savor the quality of Blaheen's book in this serenely wistful passage:

"The fairies, they say, are not immortal; they, too, know death, and the music that went over the house on the island that night was a lament for one of the fairy host that had died and was carried to his island for burial. How easily could one believe that, beyond this vast wall, the whole fairy race that once were dreams more real than living men had fled for sepulture, when the cold truths of reason had glared upon their fragility, and driven them even from the light of the moon. That fairy music, played upon an island fiddle, is a lament for a whole world of imagination banished irrevocably now, but still faintly visible in the afterglow of a sunken sun."

DAVID MARSHALL.

America's Place in the World. Nathaniel Peffer. Viking. $2.75.

G. K. CHESTERTON, commenting after World War I on a famous allied slogan, wrote "The world will never be made safe for democracy, it is a dangerous trade." Today it still is a dangerous trade but the United States is fated to work at it, whether she likes it or not. On the calibre of its accomplishment rests the destiny of modern society. This brilliant study by a noted scholar in international relations examines the tools of the trade and selects for thoughtful consideration those best suited to the political and socio-economic carpentry of a world at peace.

Mr. Peffer's thesis may be roughly stated as follows: Because of historical forces that are inexorable, this country "cannot stay out of a war between great powers that are evenly matched, that can affect the world's political equilibrium, and that engage America's emotional allegiances—that is, out of the kind of wars that can be expected in modern times." That being so, there are only two courses open to us as a nation—either we can organize for victorious war by a power alliance with another great power, probably England, or else we can strive for the working success of an international organization set up to exorcise war. The first choice involves dynamics that make the goal self-defeating—only in the second lies some realizable hope for future peace. The world organization blue-printed at San Francisco has imperfections (notably the permissive right of any one of the "Big Five" to nullify by veto effective action against itself), but "neither the peace that emerges from the war nor the international organization as it first takes form is final. Both can be modified and must be modified."

In concluding chapters, Mr. Peffer discusses persuasively imperatives for America in its new rôle of mentor for collective peace. These are first, good faith, second, a greater awareness and understanding by our diplomats and statesmen of the peculiar problems of other nations, and third the democratization of our conduct of foreign affairs; the latter involves abrogating the present requirement of a two-thirds Senate approval of treaties, also representation to the legislative branch in all negotiations *leading up* to the execution of international commitments. Finally—and perhaps foremost—we must use our great economic strength so that it is "in harmony with the rest of the world economically not only in our dealings with the rest of the world but in the spirit of our own economic organization." This means that we must not impose our own concepts of free enterprise on nations which elect some measure of state intervention in their economic life—if we do, we shall "lose the war" to revolutionary overturn and communism.

This book lays down a good, *brave* program for the United States. Will we follow it? Today's portents, fragmentary of course, are not heartening. A recent article in the New York *Herald Tribune* intimates that American banking circles are cool to the idea of advancing loans to the mildly socialistic British Labor Party. Ditto for the request of long-term credits by the Soviet Union. Our recent policy *vis à vis* the opposing factions in China could also indicate the beginning of what Mr. Peffer calls "a Holy Alliance seeking to preserve political legitimism." On another front, the successive appointments of Stettinius and of Byrnes (together with their various aides), of our new diplomats in Russia and China, and of our delegates to the governing body for Germany, offer little promise of the type of informal and enlightened statesmanship for which the author pleads eloquently. The secrecy at Yalta and particularly at Potsdam with the war in Europe already won, was unhealthy. Finally, what about American supineness or at best, confusion, with regard to strange *realpolitiks* in Greece, Poland, parts of the Balkans? Recent American diplomacy in relation to Argentina and Franco Spain has hardly been resplendent.

Lord Acton once said "power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely." America's power, economically, in a military sense and psychologically as the spearhead of the democratic faith everywhere, is today absolute. How it shall be used is a poignant question to the world. This book, which would harness that power to the uses of peace, likely will be read only by relatively few because its subject matter and its academic style make it tough going for most. That is unfortunate—it deserves a far wider hearing.

HARVEY J. BRESLER.

The Story of the Springfield Plan. Clarence I. Chatto and Alice L. Halligan. Barnes and Noble. $2.75.

THIS BOOK found this reviewer reading essentially the same book, reviewed in THE COMMONWEAL for August 10, "The Springfield Plan," by Alland and Wise, except that those who were talked about in the

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latter wrote the former; that is to say, Chatto and Halligan and John Granrud of the Springfield schools have written this book about their job, and have used the same material, some of the same photographs, etc. The Chatto and Halligan book would be of more value to the teachers, since there are lesson plans. The chapter called "A Few Working Tools" is very good. There is no yow-yow and palaver, just direct talk, including a reprint of a very good article written for *Woman's Home Companion,* by Clyde R. Miller. The main thesis of these two books, of course, is that it is high time that we spend as much time talking about Americans as Americans, regardless of race, creed, color and present conditions of poverty, as our schools usually spend in endless gab about nothing at all.

GEORGE STREATOR.

Not in Our Stars. Josiah E. Greene. Macmillan. $3.00.

IT IS NOT the first time that the hero of a current American novel has been a business enterprise. That is inevitable with the environmental school of writing still so influential. And this time it is a dairy: the Weyland Meadows Dairy, often referred to as "the farm." At the end of six hundred pages there are few angles about the production and distribution of milk by a small rural dairy which are not touched on. There is a plethora of data on the business side of it, and all through runs the thread of the drivers' vain and bitter struggle for security, just wages and good working conditions. When the overloaded detail about the milk business is forgotten, there will remain in the reader's mind the fateful influence which "the farm" had upon so many thwarted men and women. The language is constantly profane.

The central figure is the manager, Ed Thomas, a bachelor of 35, who in his efforts to make a good showing for the dairy's absentee owner, descends to increasingly shabby tricks. The wonder is that he or the company are able to inspire any loyalty; yet they do. Of the handful of barn workers one is fired for contracting a social disease, his lonesome buddy is burned to death trying to save some calves, a third disappears when a girl in the neighborhood dies of an abortion, while the tortured barn boss resorts to arson (resulting in the death of a worker he hated) beating up, framing and finally goes stark crazy. The wives in this hard-pressed community are a twisted lot. Ida Heim, because elopement once put an end to her own youthful ambitions, is obsessed by sex. She almost succeeds in ruining irreparably the reputation of an innocent, motherless friend of her own daughters; she insists on the abortion which kills the eldest daughter she had denied normal boy and girl companionship. And before her own troubles laid her low Mrs. Heim could always count on cronies to second her malicious gossip.

Sergeant Greene has written a book with a message—a bitter protest against social injustice and more heavily documented than anyone has a right to ask of a story. He himself must have worked in a dairy for a long time. To find men in business toadying, grasping, betraying, ruthless seems less startling than to be confronted by the narrowness, vindictiveness and hopelessness which can develop in a socially unhealthy rural atmosphere. An annual picnic and a New Year's dance are hardly sufficient to serve as foundation in a community for a satisfying mode of life. Of course the chief villian in this story is Ed's determination to make the dairy pay regardless. Sergeant Greene has made it seem convincing most of the way

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

Kitchen Fugue

by SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

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. . . in the midst of plenty, spending cheerfully for many things. Yet during their whole life they seem unmindful of the claims of the missions on their charity. Our Lord said, to us all, "Teach all nations!" There are still over a thousand million pagans to be taught, and some sixty million pagans here in the United States, if reports are correct. You will wish to be prompt in doing your part to fulfill that great command. It will help if you are generous to the Catholic Medical Mission Board, whose work it is to help all the missions medically, here and in the fields afar. At 10 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y., your offering will be gratefully received and used to good purpose.

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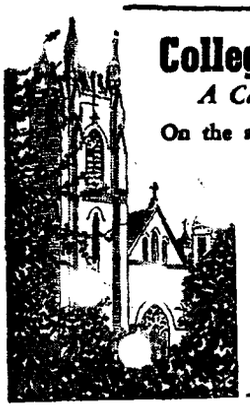

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The Inner Forum

A Hundred Years of Good Works

THE OLD CATHEDRAL PARISH of St. Louis was the first American parish to have a St. Vincent de Paul Conference. It was founded only twelve years after the St. Vincent de Paul Society was founded in Paris (1833) by Frederic Ozanam. At the time the bank of the Mississippi River near which the Old Cathedral was erected was almost bare. In the interim that district of the city of St. Louis had gone through the vicissitudes of construction, prosperity and decay. The buildings in which business thrived in the latter half of the nineteenth century have been abandoned and demolished. On their site (cleared once again) there is a sort of park called the "Jefferson National Expansion Memorial." And on these grounds on September 30 Archbishop Glennon is to officiate at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament for those gathered to commemorate the beginning of this charitable work.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society has had a steady growth in the United States since it was first established in St. Louis through the efforts of Father Ambrose Heim and the Honorable Bryan Mullanphy and others a hundred years ago. Throughout the country there are more than 2,500 conferences of the Society with some 25,000 active members. They will be represented at St. Louis September 28 to October 1 at the annual meetings of the National Conference of Catholic Charities and of the Superior Council of the United States Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Members of the Society, with the guidance of a parish priest who serves as spiritual director, undertake to visit the needy families assigned to them by their parish conference and to meet once each week for spiritual and charitable purposes. Each meeting begins with prayer and spiritual reading. Reports of the visits to poor families are made (such visits are always made by a team of two members) and appeals for assistance and various cases are discussed. After closing prayers, a collection is taken up among the members. These members are all laymen. They accept membership in the Society both for the sake of the poor of the parish and for their own mutual sanctification. Visits to prisons and hospitals and the dissemination of Catholic books and periodicals supplement the material and spiritual aid rendered by these visitors to the homes of needy families. Active members now number some 200,000 throughout the world.

CONTRIBUTORS

Christopher MORLEY adds to his talents as critic and novelist one of today's finest talents at writing light verse.

Nicholas BERDYAEV. Orthodox theologian, has written for THE COMMONWEAL in the past; one of his best known books is "The End of Our Time." This article is translated by Helen Iswolsky.

David MARSHALL has recently become a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*. His latest book, "Grand Central Station," is soon to be published by Whittlesey House. Two books on Irish history, delayed by the war, may also appear in the near future.

Harvey J. BRESLER is an attorney who has written reviews for the *American Historical Review*, the *Survey Graphic*, etc.

George STREATOR is about to terminate his connection with the War Production Board.

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